

The



Cheer

ST. JOE, WIN OR LOSE—ST. JOE ALWAYS

VOL. XVI.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1923.

No. 7

COLLEGIANS DEFEATED BY ST. CYRIL CLUB IN FIERCELY FOUGHT GAME 30-37

Sunday afternoon, December 16, the St. Cyril Club of Whiting succeeded in handing the St. Joe quintet their first defeat of the season. The game was a battle from beginning to end and the victory was not decided until the last minutes of play when a sudden spurt by the Oil City crew put them to the fore.

The Collegians lost because they were unable to shoot fouls and because their defense was just a little too loose. The Whiting five combined clever pass-work with an unerring eye for the hoop, while their guarding was of equal calibre. In Dufallo, Wickhorst, and Thiessen, the St. Cyrils have a nifty scoring combination. Hoffman and Jordan, the St. Joe aces, were guarded closely, but even at that they garnered four baskets apiece. Klen was forced to play in Capt. Weier's place, because of the latter's injured ankle, and he did very well. The other two sterling players, Lauer and Hipkind, working with might and main, gave a good account of themselves.

In short, the game was the story of a team of veterans taking advantage of the few mistakes of a team of fighting youngsters. The defeat is no disgrace when one knows that the invaders are the equal of any other professional quintet in northern Indiana. The game was the last one before the holidays, and all we have to add to this is: look out for the Scrappin' Saints in '24!!

St. Cyril (37)	St. Joe (30)
Wickhorst.....R.F.....	Klen
Thiessen.....L.F.....	Jordan
Dufallo.....C.....	Hoffman
Burke-Walsko.....R.G.....	Hipkind
Eggers.....L.G.....	Lauer

Scoring: Whiting — Field Goals: Wickhorst 5, Thiessen 4, Dufallo 7, Eggers. Foul Goals: Wickhorst, Thiessen 2. St. Joe—Field Goals: Klen 3, Jordan 4, Hoffman 4, Lauer. Foul Goals: Klen, Jordan 3, Hoffman, Hipkind.



Greetings

To our subscribers
To our advertisers

We extend
Heartiest Wishes
for
A Merry Christmas
and
A Prosperous New Year

THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

'Twas the day after Christmas when all through the house
Was bustle and hurry—to startle a mouse!
For Forche had eaten until he was sick,
And father was pouring him castor oil thick;

The maids were a-scouring and scrubbing the stair,
For candy and cake-crumbs and nutshells were there;
Poor mother was moaning and groaning in bed,
The fire-works had given her a pain in the head;

While cook made a hot-mustard plaster for Kelly,
His tummy rebelled at three helpings of jelly!
The worst of this story is just this, my dear,
They'll do all the same things right over next year!

NEWMANS ENTERTAIN

With true sincerity of purpose the President of the Newman Literary, Joseph Ludwig opened the first program of the Newmans with his address on the benefits of a literary society. Then followed in succession, numbers by Albert Krill, Fred Gahwolf, Chas. Gleason, Paul Galliger, Martin Kenny, Albert Gluckert and Raymond Leitshuh. The comic dialogue, as given by John Monaghan and Walter Boone is likewise worthy of commendation. The closing number of the evening's program, "The Last Coat" was well given by Francis Weier, Daniel Costello, George Phillips, Norman Liebert and Harry Kahle.

As in years past, the college has looked forward to the first public program of the Newman club with much expectancy and great hopes. And so it was this year. These hopes which we entertained, were most delightfully satisfied on Sunday evening, December 9, and that fact alone attests the success of the program. The Cheer takes this opportunity to express the wish that the Newmans have a most successful year, and entertain us with more frequent programs.

And we feel that it is in place to mention here, the splendid music furnished by the college orchestra. Music is always pleasing and especially when played so delightfully as that of this program.

"Look here! Hoffman, is this apple pie or peach pie?"

"Can't you tell by the taste?"

"No I can't."

"Then," replied Hoffman, "Why on earth should it matter which it is."

Said the Greek to the Irishman: "Have you seen that excavations on the Acropolis have revealed wires? That proves positively that my people knew the mysteries of telegraphy."

Irishman to the Greek: "Have you seen that digging in Ireland revealed no wires? That goes to prove that the Irish knew all about wireless telegraphy."

SAINTS DEFEAT MONON RAILS

On the evening of Dec. 7th our gym galleries, as on many a previous occasion, alternated between breathless suspense and irrepressible cheering; for the Red and Purple in their second game of the season were going through a desperate struggle against the Monon Rails, a team of classy and gentlemanly players. 50 to 39 was the final score. The Collegians won because of their continually aggressive and well balanced work throughout; the Railroaders fell behind and lost in the second half when their brilliantly long counters of the first half sank to the level of only average accuracy. For nearly three quarters the game was neck and neck, but then the pace began to tell and a rapid succession of baskets by Weier, Hoffman, and Jordan put the game in the old ice-box.

Every one of the college five deserves much praise for playing the game for all his worth. Hoffman as well as Jordan must be congratulated together with Weier whose flock of timely baskets turned the game into a comfortable victory. However, the work of the above three was made possible only by the flashy offensive and defensive play of Lauer and the masterly guarding of Jim Hipkind.

For the Railroaders, Golden, Hipsher, and Moll played like the veterans they are. Our old friend Cain was not as brilliant as usual but all the same we knew well that he was on the floor.

From the spectators' point of view, the game was not meant for the weak of heart. The way the score saw-sawed for nearly three quarters was something to test the strongest nerves; but when it began to mount higher for the Collegians, the loyal rooters breathed more easily. The game, was a well deserved victory in a clean and hard fought battle.

Monon Rails. St. Joseph's.

Cain R.F. Weier (C)
Moll (C) Chase L.F. Jordan
Golden C. Hoffman
Hipsher R.G. Lauer
Benhan L.G. Hipkind

Scoring St. Joe: field goals, Hoffman, 13; Jordan, 5; Weier, 4; Hipkind, 1. Foul Goals: Jordan, 2; Weier, 1; Hipkind, 1.

Monon Rails, Feld goals; Cain, 4; Moll, 2; Golden, 8; Hipsher, 3; Chase, 1. Foul goals: Golden, 2; Chase, 1.

Referee: Ward (Otterbein).

Europe owes us a debt of gratitude, according to Lloyd George. And, we might add, other debts.

The allies are divided in peace, thinks Lloyd. They haven't divided anything in peace so far.

Fifth Year Muses

Morning Pleasures

Every morning, bright and gay,
At the passing of the dawn,
I arise to greet the sun
And the flowers on the lawn.

Wander through the meadows green,
Where the lark it's morning prayer
Sings amid the fleecy clouds,
Bidding me it's joy to share.

A. D. Petit.

The Wanderers

My dog and I are wandering everywhere
O'er country districts far and wide;
Grim hunger and gruff words our daily fare,
Who cares with liberty on every side?

Charles Ruess.

Merriment and Misery

A monkey was sitting on the railroad track,
Sang pollywoddle doodle all day;
Was picking his teeth with a carpet tack,
Sang pollywoddle doodle all day.

A lad of the 4th sat on the racing track
Sang, "How can I get it today?"
In vain was he trying his brains to rack,
Sang, "How can I get it today?"
Russell Scheidler.

A Sad Recollection

While sitting on the river's edge
I thought of days gone by
When I was forced to take the pledge,
Oh, how it makes me sigh!
Alphonse Hoffman.

Rags: Faithful and True

O many and many a night
While all within were asleep,
And stars in the heavens shone bright,
He lay his vigil to keep.

And many and many a day
From the time of his puppyhood on
He loved with the children to play;
Now all is changed, he is gone.

Ah, Rags was a faithful friend,
And always true to his trust;
Alas! He met with a tragic end,
Peace, O peace to his dust.

Charles C. Boldrick.

"TO THE SCRUBS"

Here's to the dauntless old scrub eleven,
Here's to the bravest who never rolled seven;
Men most courageous who scrimmaged and fought,
Who to the Varsity victory have brought.

Many a trip to the old candy store
While in training they heroic forbore;
bore;
Many a "hale" did they sadly omit
That they might ever the harder then hit.

Day after day with a smile and a jest,
Sweaty suits donned they and did their best,
Fighting and battling through thick and through thin
That puissant eleven of light fighting men.

To them that unselfish battered bunch
Owes now the Varsity it's irresistible punch
Though they may not see the great hall of fame,
Here's to the worthies who played the big game.

Herb Carmichael.

FOOTBALL MEN RECEIVE
LETTERS AT ANNUAL BANQUET

The annual football banquet was Saturday, December 8 in the guest's dining room. After the sumptuous repast Father Scheidler, ex-athletic director, was the first called upon by the Toastmaster Ted Liebert. In a very pleasing manner Father Scheidler told of the memories the affair awakened in his mind and expressed his praise for the fine spirit of the squad during the past season. To Father Scheidler also was given the honor of awarding the letters. Those receiving the coveted "J's" were: Captain Weier, James Hipkind, Alphonse Lucke, Walter Lyon, James Hoban, Daniel Costillo, Edward O'Connor, Joseph Gunderman, Norman Liebert, Emmett Jeffers, Theodore Liebert, Raymond Yeager, Cletus Hipkind, John Beckman, Francis Buckley, Dave Faragher and Oscar Hempfling.

Father Koenn, the present director, in his remarks, praised the efficiency of Father Scheidler while he held the position as head of the athletic department and he said that this fine example of service should not and would not be forgotten. Coach Radican, in a speech that rang with true sincerity, praised the squad for the fighting spirit which they displayed in the face of defeat. The next speaker was the popular Captain "Flossy" Weier and his talk was an excellent one, one that came from the depths of a real, true St. Joe man's heart.

After Weier's speech the election of a new captain was the order and James Hoban was selected. Hoban has held down the center position for the last two years. Following the election speeches were made by every one present including the manager "Art" Froehle and his able assistant Johnny Byrne. The banquet was voted a real success by everyone present before the affair ended.

TWO SPLENDID PRODUCTIONS AT COLLEGEVILLE

Oliver Twist

To those who have a true appreciation of the best in filmdom, "Oliver Twist," featuring Jackie Coogan, was a rare pleasure; to those who are acquainted with the original story, it was a revelation. It was a revelation in which the characters, Oliver, Mr. Bumble, Fagin, and the others, were not merely figures, but people of true flesh and blood. The cruelties of the poor-house, the squalor and wretchedness of the London slums, and the delightful home atmosphere of the more respectable class, are realities and take firm root in our minds. These are some of the qualities of "Oliver Twist."

As a production displaying simple, yet deep acting, and a general atmosphere of reality, this photo-play is a master-piece. The part played by Jackie Coogan, is, of course, of the greatest importance and it was our little friend who brought out the meaning of Dickens' story. Everything was harmonious and, in our opinion, "Oliver Twist" is one of the finest screen productions of the day.

Robin Hood

Love, no matter in what form, whether the love of woman or the love of ideals, is the main-spring of life. Without some sort of love our lives would be aimless and sordid; but with love, everything, even the very air we breathe, changes. In many instances it has swayed the destinies of nations, as can be seen from the play "Robin Hood." With Douglas Fairbanks in the title role, we were transported to the merry days of Richard and the Crusade; we saw the life and actions of both sides of that past age and we were thrilled. What was especially admirable in this picture was the mediaeval scenery of castles and cities and convents. That was a setting!

The rumors of fabulous sums expended in its making, the great hopes held out for its success, and the enthusiastic reception received on the first appearance of "Robin Hood" were all well heralded in newspapers and magazines. And to see it is to realize the truth of all that had been rumored, hoped and said. It is a thriller.

The editor in chief looked over the manuscript the student had handed him: "If I run this item, Johnny," He said, "I shall have to use the blue pencil on about nine-tenths of it."

"Oh, that's too much trouble!" Johnny exclaimed, "Let me have it again and I'll write it all with blue pencil."

It's the auto that makes the horse go.



Hello there, Santa! Did you ask whether we Sixths have any good boys? Nothing else but— You should see how busy we are all the time. Just ask Brother, he'll tell you. And don't forget him on Xmas eve! Of course, you have many "children" to please, but you won't forget us, will you?

There is one funny little fellow among us, Gene Arnoldi, who says he wants one of those little choo-choo wagons so he can trace his course to Mercer county next September, there to resume his studies. And while you're over in Ohio land at Wright aviation field, deliver to Art Froehle a perpetual meal ticket. "Red" Gunderman can't go way home to Brooklyn, Santa, but you'll find him down on the farm at Kouts. Give him several dozen anti-colics for "future reference," and right beside his stocking you'll find Lauer's, who wants several boxes of pink stationery, "Sure to Win" brand.

One year's subscription to all magazines is all Hagie asks for, because he eats at the Candy Store here. But Al Lucke says "no such luck" so Santa, when you give him that one pound of stimulant to stay awake in Chapel, won't you fill those "borrowed" laundry socks with sweets? And, oh, Santa, Marcotte would be tickled pink over one complete set of Literal Translations for the Latin course. And since you can't bring fried spuds, Miller would like to have a brand new deck of "Shafskop" cards.

Hello Santy! Hello! Are you still on the line? Yes, we have a big Class, SOME Class! Say, one of those little hobby-horses or ponies that don't kick, like we saw down town, is just what Minneman wants. "Ikey" Paulus thinks you should trade at the Candy Store, but we good boys know you make all our own. Anyway, leave a few "Hints for Singing" at Paulus' home. And you musn't forget our little Irish kid, Tony Quinlisk. Best quality hair grease—that's what he's aching for. And Johnny Roach will be delighted to get a few Greek books of fiction. "The gaudier the merrier," says Eddie O'Connor in his order for a brand new pair of suspenders.

You live at the North Pole; so on your way down please stop at Wisconsin and content Phil Rose's heart with a brand new "sheik" outfit. Schilling asks for oodles of talcum powder—for the pool room. Now Santy, we are sorry, but one of our boys, from Missouri, Stock, is wavering in his faith, and says "You got to show me." So just to prove that you ARE, give Bob a book on "How to master Oratory." Marcus Vogel would be tickled to death with any kind of dope to make his beard grow; and then Santy, we'll ask you to visit Flossy Weier in Monroe, Mich., the "wild" city, and give him one complete game of Indoor Football.

And finally, Santy, wend your way back to Ohio and place on Willacker's Christmas tree one pair of combination socks and shirt tail supporters. While in Ohio leave some contributions to "Alumni Column" in Fate's socks, and one 1926 book of jokes for Ratermann that aren't "real stale" as yet to college pals.

This is all we can think of at present, Santy, save that you must not forget our profs. What? The Fifth Class? Oh, they're good too, but not nearly as good as we are. Goodbye, Santy, and don't forget the Sixth Class angels!!!

DEAR OLD ST. JOE

We kick about the grub we eat,
We kick about the rules,
And when we hear the morning bell,
We think of other schools.

Where seven is the rising hour,
And every one may smoke,
And where the booking and the rules
Are taken as a joke.

But some day we'll be wise enough
To know the why of things
And give due praise to dear St. Joe
Until the welkin' rings.

NORMAN LIBERT.

Shilling: "Gee, but I hate the sound of that bell!"

Marcotte: "Not when it is for meals."

The College Cheer

Published twenty times during the scholastic year at Collegeville, Indiana.

Rates: Per Year.....\$1.50
Single Copies......10

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Address: Editor, The College Cheer,
Collegeville, Indiana.

Collegeville, Indiana, December 19, 1923



CHRISTMAS

Hear the call the shepherds know,
Angel call that bids them go,

Sped by God to Bethlehem;
Let us rise and go with them.

Clear the song is sounding still,
Peace to men of God's good will.

In the Babe on Mother-breast
See God's love made manifest.

In a stable's narrow bound
Palace of the King is found;

In a little manger's space
Presence-chamber of His grace

We will lay our welcoming
At His feet, our new-born King.

EDITORIALS

"Peace On Earth, Good Will to Men"

It was night, "silent night, holy night." Winter's garments of ice and snow decked the plains of Palestine. Suddenly from out of the deeps of the clear sky shone a star, singular in its position, marvelous in its brilliancy. And shepherds, keeping night-watch over their flocks in adjoining regions, wondered.

But their wonder soon melted into transports of ecstatic joy. In mere whisperings, first, then growing louder and louder until the clear, chill air of that "silent night" reverberated in heavenly echoes, came those pure, thrilling strains from a grand choir of angels: "Gloria in Excelsis Deo!" then in chorus, "Et in Terra Pax Hominibus Bonae Voluntatis!"

The still air of the night vibrated with these angelic voices—and the brilliant star still shone with great lustre. It shone, yes, over a poor, lowly stable in Bethlehem. The bitter cold indeed pierced the dismal building. And yet, there glowed in that stable a warmth undying, the warmth of loving hearts. Bent over a little manger were Holy Mary and Joseph, adoring

the Babe of Bethlehem, adoring their King and their God! There, on a bed of straw, and wrapped in swaddling clothes, lay Jesus, the Babe of Bethlehem!

With echoes resounding upon echoes the angelic praises pealed o'er that fair region of Palestine; "Gloria in Excelsis Deo! Et in Terra Pax Hominibus Bonae Voluntatis!" Nineteen hundred and twenty-three years it is since those heavenly strains of "peace" rang out upon this earth on that first Christmas morn. The little Babe of Bethlehem had come to bring "Peace to men of good will."

And still He comes, bidding us accept that peace. Though a war-weary world still turns a deaf ear to the inviting voice of the Christ-Child, we ought lovingly to pay heed to His message, we ought charitably to sow the seeds of peace upon earth. And now, when Christmas comes in its white ermine, its dazzling diamonds of frost, and white pearls of icicles, we will retrace the vestiges of centuries to that first hallowed night, that "silent night, holy night," when angels, praising God, pealed forth in a mighty chorus of heavenly voices: "Gloria in Excelsis Deo, Et in Terra Pax Hominibus Bonae Voluntatis."

A Happy Vacation, Students!

But three months ago it was that we gathered at St. Joseph's. Perhaps even then some of us counted the days until Christmas; it is certain that all of us, at divers moments, harbored pleasant anticipations of the holidays. Now, ere we fully realize the happy fact—vacation's joys are calling us.

Somehow the Christmas vacation appeals to the student much more strongly than does the summer. Undoubtedly this is due to the prevalent spirit of cheer reflected on every smiling countenance, to the spirit of gladness which marks the yuletide season.

And isn't it enough to cause a lad to go "wild?" Just think, fellows, sleep, blessed sleep! No bell to disturb our midnight slumbers, no classes to attend, in short, one grand time. We'll crowd everything possible into those sixteen days; and that these days literally "bubble over" with merry-making, that each hour will hold for every student a truly genuine pleasure, is the hearty wish of "The Cheer" staff. And A Merry Christmas to all, to all A Prosperous New Year!!

The Operations of The C. S. M. C.

In order to keep up the interest in our mission society it might be well for us to consider just what position it holds in the field of missionary activity. We know that all mission work began with Christ and the Apostles, and that it has been intimately connected with the Church ever since its

foundation. Therefore, we see that the fundamental purpose, that of supporting the missions, is not an invention of our times.

The Catholic Students' Mission Crusade has three main features. Its first purpose is to interest Catholic students all over the country in mission work, and thereby to foster and to encourage vocations to the missionary life.

The second purpose has reference to the per capita tax, i.e., the twenty-five cents paid annually by each member. This tax goes to the headquarters of the Crusade, and not to the missions. But it is used in the interest of the Society; it is used to establish new units and to keep old ones active. Last year this tax amounted to \$7,000.00,—a nice sum indeed. But out of this sum two offices had to be maintained, one at Washington, the other at Cincinnati. We also needed a secretary-treasurer, a field secretary on half-time, a bookkeeper, a stenographer, and office equipment.

Besides this the Crusade published and distributed 22,000 booklets gratis as advertisement, or rather, in the effort to establish new units. It also published the "Shield," the organ of the Society. The convention at Notre Dame was also rather expensive. Of the per capita tax, then, nothing goes directly to the Missions. However, it is applied for the benefit of the missions. It continually keeps the needs of the Missions before the eyes of the old units, and at the same time tries to establish new ones. The units are then expected to lend their help, to make their contributions to the missions directly, independent of the crusade, or of the other units.

Thirdly, the crusade has a special purpose in each individual unit. Its purpose is to encourage, besides the spiritual aid, the collection of money for the support of any missionary or missionaries at home or abroad, independently of the other units. The money which we send to the missions is not sent to the headquarters of the crusade but directly where we want it to go. To this extent each unit is independent. To keep up the spirit of emulation, however, a report of the good done must be sent to the head office occasionally.

What we need is larger membership. But even with its present standing the crusade is doing a good deal for the missions. It distributes about \$25,000 quarterly, or about \$100,000 annually. Thus we realize the expediency of the society, and this is especially the case when we consider the meagre sacrifice imposed upon any individual member. In unity there is strength. If each member does his duty, both in regard to the support of the society and in regard to its spread, it must, with the blessing of

(Continued on page 6.)

AND SO HIRAM PREPARES FOR
VACATION

Dear Paw:

Wal the time shore is a flyin an onley a few more days till Chrismus. Everything is sittin' purty out here an everybody is a prayin fer the time to move on. Gee, paw, but it shore will be great to get back hum an see you and Maw agin, an cuzin Bill and all the boys and gals down to Turkey Crick. We leave the college Friday mornin at six 30 P. M. they are agoin to back up the milk trane to get us. I dont care if we ride a cattle car jest so I get hum. Tell little Willyum thet Uncle Hiram is acomin and he's goin to see old Santy Claws on the way.

We been a playin basketball quite a bit, paw, they ain't no use a tryin to explain, that game here but it shore is a ruff game, why they even haf to fire a gun to get em to stop. Tell Maw, I bet she won't know her little Hiram when he gits hum. I am agoin to get all slicked up an get a box back hare cut. These here box backs is slightly differunt from the kind you uster give me, when you sat the old crock on my head and clipped the hare all around it. The exams is all over and I figger that I am settin purty, thet means safe in Colledge lingoo. Tell maw that them hole proof sox come To'ther day and they are quite the unyuns, white feet an all. I spose you will be down to the Junkshun to meet me bring the pup along an tell maw I'm going to be powerful hungeree. We are havin in English how to write kerect letters so undowtedly you kin notus the change in this one. The football team had a banqwet the other day and they got their letters it shore must of been tuff on them poor gies to haf to wait since September fer there mail. Now paw jest between me an you, tell maw thet if she is at the stashun to meet me an there is a big

crowd there not to make sech a fuss becuz I am a wearin low cut shoes, an gee wilikers tell her not to ask me if I have got my red flannels on.

Tell Sally and Lizbuth Ann that I might bring some Colledge slickers to hum with me. Wall paw as the wash woman said "my lines out." Goodbye and lots of love and so 4th till Friday nite.

Lovin Hiram,
Yer Son.

COLLEGIANS DEFEAT REM-
INGTON HI 39 TO 20—SECOND
STRING MEN IN THE LINEUP

Saturday night the Purple and Red, with an entire second string quintet, won from Remington High School, 37-20. The game was interesting throughout and the Remington boys played a nice steady game. The St. Joe outfit displayed plenty of fight but their pass-work was not as smooth as it might have been. The defense, however, held the Remington boys powerless. The game was nip and tuck all during the first half with the Collegians a few points to the good for the greater part of the period.

Johnny Klen, the diminutive forward, had an exceptionally fine evening and garnered six ringers. Acting-captain, Ted Liebert, put up a great fight at back guard and very seldom did he let the rebound get away from him. A. Parker and Walton were the main point getters for Remington.

The first half ended 15-12, with the

(Continued on page 8)

New Barber Shop
UNDER PALACE THEATRE
Hair Cutting a Specialty
Shave 15c Hair Cut 35c
W. L. THOMPSON

Furnishings
Toilet Goods

Candies, Cookies
and Eats at our
Grocery.

Supply Your Needs At

Murray's
DEPARTMENT STORE

Florsheim Shoes

Coopers Underwear

Hart Schaffner
and Marx Clothes

The Best Quality at
The Right Price

:—:

THE CLOTHING HOUSE OF
WILLIAM TRAUB

RALSTON? Most certainly! And as usual right up-to-the-moment in style. Better come in early and look them over : : : :
: : COLUMBIA SHOE STORE

HOTEL MAKEEVER
A Home Away From Home

Thomas M. Callahan
The Place to Buy your
COAL

DR. CATT
Optometrist
Eyes Examined and Glasses Fitted.
Office over Long's Drug Store

A. F. LONG & SON
Druggists and Stationers
Cameras and Films
Ice Cream and Sodas
Phone 53

O'RILEY'S
THE PLACE OF SWEETS
Cookies — Cakes — Rolls

WARNER BROS.
HARDWARE

Go where your friends go- to

THE COLLEGE INN

Where Quality and Service count

WHEN THE SMOKE HAD LIFTED

Exam Averages

Publication of the first exam averages seems to have met popular approval. In the desire to further favor our readers we publish herewith the results of the recent examinations in the three upper classes. We regret that time forbade the computation of the other Class averages. However, we shall publish those in the next issue. We take occasion to express our sincere thanks to Ralph Mueller, Arthur Powers, Lawrence Rall, and Cornelius Dobmeyer, through whose kind assistance we are enabled to offer these averages.

Sixth Class

1. Isidore Paulus	94 1-5
2. Albin Ratermann	93 3-5
3. John Roach	92 4-5
4. Carl Willacker	91 3-5
5. Herbert Weier	91 2-5
6. Arthur Froehle	90 4-5
7. Edward O'Connor	90 2-5
Philip Rose	90 2-5
8. James Lauer	89 2-3
9. Gordon Hagstrom	89 3-5
10. Marcus Vogel	89
Class Average	91 3-11

Fifth Class

1. Ralph Mueller	95 1-6
2. Robert Gorman	93 3-8
3. Charles Boldrick	88 1-2
4. Charles Ruess	88 1-7
5. John Sabo	86 4-7
6. Arthur Powers	84 3-7
7. Sylvester Schmelzer	84 1-6
8. Joseph Gooley	83 1-3
9. Edward Kotter	82 1-3
10. Aloysius Sobczak	82
Class Average	86 7-10

Fourth Class

1. Lawrence Rall	91 1-2
2. Cornelius Dobmeyer	91 2-7
3. George Rick	90 1-7
4. Leo Higi	90

5. Francis Schwendeman	89 5-7
6. August Hoefer	89
7. John Medland	88 5-7
8. Paul Fulton	87 5-6
9. Raymond Dirrig	87 3-4
10. Harry Estadt	86 5-8
Class Average	89 2-5

THE OPERATION OF THE C. S. M. C.

(Continued from page 4)

God, soon become a potent factor in the mission field.

Of course, we must not expect much fruit as yet, because we are only, as it were, planting the tree; but unless we do plant the tree and provide for its growth and development, we need expect no fruit at all.—J. R. '23.

"Why look so sorrowful, Murphy?" Spuds: "I just heard one fellow call another a liar, and the man that was called a liar said the other man would have to apologize, or there would be a fight."

"And why should that make you sad?"

Spuds: "The other man apologized."

C. E. JOHNSON, M. D.

Rensselaer, Ind.

Rensselaer X-Ray Laboratory

X-RAY PHOTOGRAPHS
X-RAY TREATMENTS

I. M. Washburn, M. D.
C. E. Johnson, M. D.

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HEE HAWS

Louis Brenner (reciting in expression): "And the muscles on his iron bands are as strong as the spreading chestnut tree."

"A skin they love to touch," mused dad, as he affectionately patted his leather wallet.

Clemens, (answering in Chemistry): "There are several ways of telling. You can blow your mouth across the breath of the bottle—."

Our Budding Poet

The darling leaflets whisper
In happy, breezy tone,
But how it makes me shudder
To hear the grasses mown.

—LOUIS A. BRENNER.

Lauer: Did you know that you are a minute man?

Marcotte: How's that?

Lauer: One of those that's born every minute.

Bonfiglio: You know, I think that I would make a wonderful vaudeville actor?

Dapson: Whatever contrived to give you that impression?

Bonfiglio: Well, I was in a little skit once and my acting brought down the house.

Dapson: Yes, brick by brick.

Kotter: I got a cat named Santy.
Bushkuhl: Does Santy scratch?
Kotter: No, Santy claws.

Koors: Hello, is this the weather bureau?

Voice: Uh-uh.

Koors: How about a shower this afternoon?

Voice: Dunno. If you need one, go ahead and take it.

Bertha Vanation: I just saw a deaf and dumb man who had an impediment in his speech.

Della Katessen: How's it managed?

Bertha Vanation: Well, he had two fingers amputated.

Have you read "FLANNELS" by Mons. Inwear?

Tempus: I hear you've got a job in England next summer. Whatcha doin'?

Fugit: Cutting the grass in Scotland Yard.

Mossong: What figure of speech is "I love my teacher?"

Hartmann: Sarcasm, my boy.

Kahle: What kind of insurance do you carry on your store?

Paulus: Fire and tornado, Why?

Kahle: Ah, dat's no beesness, how you gonna start a tornado?

Willie: Why do they call it the mother tongue?

Fond Parent: Well, who uses it most?

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News Stand

COLLEGIANS DEFEAT REM- INGTON HI 39 TO 20—SECOND STRING MEN IN THE LINEUP

(Continued from page 5)

Saints on top. With the score 23-17 and about seven minutes to play, Coach Radican rushed in his regular wrecking crew, with the exception of Captain Weier, who twisted his ankle while warming up. The scoring ace, Hoffman, was at his best and in those six or seven minutes he found the hoop for six markers. The final whistle sounded and the Purple and Red was flying high as per usual. The score board read: Remington, 20; St. Joe, 37.

Our Band

The "Cheer" takes this occasion to thank the Band for the splendid work they are doing, by playing at every basketball game. The music in itself is a real attraction and it adds greatly to the enthusiasm and spirit of the game. We are always glad when we hear the cheer leader yell: "All right, gang, let's make 'em good, fifteen for the Band."

Remington	St. Joseph's
Parker A. R.F.	Jordan
Walton L.F.	Klen
Stake C.	Hoffman-Hoban
Casey (C) R.G.	Lauer
Parker E. L.G.	Hipskind
Substitutions—Petit for Jordan; Klock-	

er for Petit; Hoeffler for Lauer; Roach for Hoeffler; Liebert for Hipskind.

Scoring: St. Joe: Field Goals: Klen 6; Hoffman 6; Hoban 3; Roach 2; Jordan. Foul Goals: Klen. Remington—Field Goals: A. Parker 3; Walton 3. Foul Goals: A. Parker, Walton 4; Stoke, E. Parker 2. Referee: Draper (Lafayette Y. M. P. C.)

CHRISTMAS CHEER

Say, wouldn't it Rockerfellow the way some of those guys are buying those chests of candy, and packing them so nice. We know a lot of them can't pull the grand-mother stunt, so we got 'em red-handed in the act. Don't blush, just feel foolish.

A Christmas Present

Wouldn't it be great, my boy

To give the folks this year

As a present full of joy,

A subscription to The "Cheer."

It would seem that race horsing is becoming the national pastime. The majority of American Colleges, that is, the students have adopted it along side of Baseball, Basketball, and Football—Show me the College student today that has not one time or the other in his career played the ponies.

"My Leig," said a Froehle, Petit, little Miss, "my Gordan Ruess is not Abel to be bought in a Fulton and my last Nyhoff I was Reidy to Sauber." Sa bo, Weier wondering about the Powers of some Jordans. A Miller asked his shofer—Klen I have the Car,—Michael he Tattered it needs Moore fixing. Kotter take it apart, it is Byrne out. Id give all the Shillings I got if Roach Rose and lifted the Stock above the Lyon, so we could get a Mitchell. Gee, we haven't any Lucke or else we would have Dunn something to Reid about. As it is we labor with our Hans and without a (Hart. Man) if we had Diamonds and Golden Coyne, wouldn't we Walz along the Ryan looking at the Ferrys and say if we had a few Rupels instead of Hips-skins we would run with Leitshuhs from Gaul to Metz. The Mos songs us Bushers sing the more Cano we get. When a Fisher said that my Pulskamp be Orf, I picked a Green Lily and Schmeltzer and gave it to my Neff you for Xmas. I wonder if he Willacker in his arms.

Rastus: "Is you goin' to hang up your stocking this Christmas, Mose?"

Mose: "Ah don' know. Ah done hung it up las' Christmas, but all ah got was a notice from the Bo'hd of Health."

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